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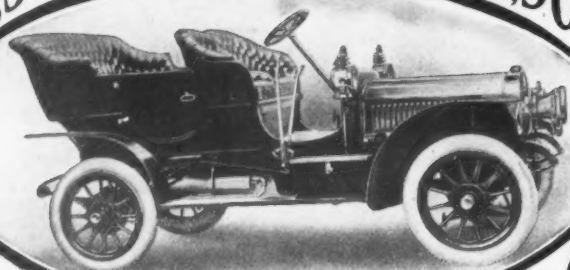
—Otha Cushing—

"PAPA PUT UP A HUNDRED THOUSAND TO SECURE THE DUKE, AND NOW HE'S MARRIED SOME ONE ELSE."
"YOU SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT HIM OUTRIGHT. SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR TRADING ON A MARGIN."



\$2,500

\$2,500



CADILLAC: MODEL H

Where Dependability and Economy Meet

These are the great foundation stones of Cadillac success—unfailing reliability under all sorts of service; cost of maintenance so low as to be almost incredible. In the magnificent line of Cadillacs for 1907 these qualities are more manifest than ever before. The Model H has proven itself the four-cylinder triumph of the year.

From motor to muffler this machine is an example of simple construction, of finish really superfine, of accuracy not surpassed in any other mechanical creation—all of which are more pronounced because of the wonderful factory facilities and system that stand behind the

CADILLAC

The superiorities of Model H are so numerous that to select features deserving special emphasis is difficult. Those of prime importance are remarkable ease of control and smoothness of riding, whatever the road conditions. The car is practically noiseless in operation; perfect balance of action removes all vibration. The enormous power is so positively applied that whether for speeding or hill climbing Model H is there with energy to spare. The body possesses lines of beauty and grace and reflects style unmistakable.

Your dealer will gladly give you a demonstration.

Model H—30 h. p. Four-cylinder Touring Car, \$2,500
(Described in Catalog HR)

Model G—20 h. p. Four-cylinder Touring Car, \$2,000
(Described in Catalog GR)

Model M—10 h. p. Four-passenger Car - - \$950
(Described in Catalog MR)

Model K—10 h. p. Runabout - - - \$800
(Described in Catalog MR)

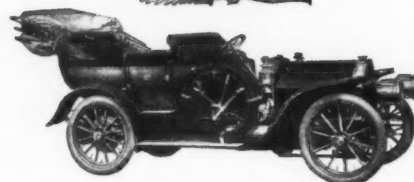
All prices F. O. B. Detroit—Lamps not included

Send for special Catalog of car in which you are interested,
as above designated.

Cadillac Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

POPE-TOLEDO



THE picture below shows the three very large Deutsche Waffen Fabrik Ball Bearings which carry the crankshaft of the Type XV. Which receives the greatest prominence in this car, D. W. F. Ball Bearings or Chrome Nickel Steel, is hard to determine. These



D. W. F. Ball Bearings carry all shafts in the gear-set and form end thrust bearings; they crop out in the differential and Jackshaft bearings, front and rear road wheels are carried by them; steering

knuckles, pump commutator—even the motor fan revolves on them. At every point where a Ball Bearing is possible the genuine imported Deutsche Waffen Fabrik is used. Send for Catalogue.



Pope Motor Car Co.

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

TOLEDO, OHIO



For Sale

COUNTRY PLACE, located on Rye Neck, at Mamaroneck, Westchester County, N. Y., about five acres, having a water front of about 1,000 feet. The house is in Italian Villa style, located on a hill overlooking the Sound; entirely renovated and tastefully decorated this year; has eight bedrooms, three bathrooms, parlor, library and dining-rooms, kitchen, laundry and cellars; hard wood floors throughout; open, nickel, modern sanitary plumbing, open fireplaces, besides furnace and hot-air arrangements; running water as well as an artesian well; gas and every convenience; electric light in house and stable; telephone, etc.

Twelve-foot porches surround the house, giving one of the most beautiful views of water and landscape to be had on the Sound. The structure is most substantial and intended for both summer and winter use.

The stable and carriage-house are commodious, finished in hardwood; five single and two box stalls, two living-rooms overhead, hayloft, etc. The barnyard is arranged as a paddock for exercising horses, and is fitted with four box stalls.

The outhouses consist of a brick ice-house, greenhouses, boat-house, cow stalls, tennis court, etc.

The grounds are beautifully laid out in lawns, drives and shaded walks, all bluestoned, and abound in rare trees of all kinds, including many fruit and fir trees, several pine groves, and a great variety of flowering shrubs and vines. Large gardens. For particulars, address

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 17 W. 31st St., New York

The Standard of Corset Fashion

The most shapely and beautiful models of this or any previous season, including the newest high-bust shapes.

Approved by modistes of the highest class.

Unquestionably the finest high-grade corsets sold, comfortable and correct. The attachment of the "SECURITY" Rubber Button Hose Supporters completes the garment and assists in securing perfect fit.

Sold at all good shops at from \$15.00 down to \$3.50, according to material.

The Warner Brothers Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

Pleasures—riches—honors—
friends, all fade and fail.
The only lasting comfort's
found in EVANS' ALE.

PONY RIGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Nothing else could give your children so much pleasure. Our Tony Pony vehicles, all styles, strong, roomy, safe, combine best material, original designs, expert workmanship, nobby and durable. **OUR PONY FARM** is the best stocked in the West. Prompt shipments. Illustrated catalogue free.

Michigan Buggy Co., 217 Office Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE Argonaut has broken loose on a pernicious habit, as follows:

Modern Magazine Methods

We have received the first number of the *Circle*, which bears the subtitle, "A Modern Department Magazine for All People." We have also received a letter from the publishers requesting us to write and express frankly our opinion concerning the magazine. We readily comply. The first article, "A Musical Revolution," is by Mr. Henry T. Finck, a writer with whose books, whose criticisms and whose newspaper sketches we are familiar, and whose work we much admire. We read over the first and second pages of his article, when we found the legend, "Continued on page 41." We went to page 41 and read two columns, when we encountered the legend, "Continued on page 63." We read two or three columns on page 63, when we encountered the legend, "Continued on page 71." We read one column on page 71, when we encountered the legend, "Concluded on page 74." Here our patience gave out, and although we admire Mr. Finck's writings, we flung the *Circle* aside. Before doing so, however, we looked on page 74, where the article was to be concluded, and saw that it was not concluded, but that the column ended with the legend "Concluded on next page." Evidently some late advertisements had come in and Mr. Finck had been crowded over to page 75.

If the publishers of the *Circle* want a frank expression of opinion from us, we will give it to them—frank and straight. We would not have their magazine for a gift. We advise nobody to waste time in reading it. It may contain some good matter—no doubt it does; but life is too short to search for literary needles in advertising bottles of hay. Probably the publishers of this magazine are no greedier than the publishers of others. Periodicals like the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and their imitators, and even *Collier's Weekly*, which ought to be above such catchpenny business, all of them frankly subordinate their reading matter to their advertising. The reading columns are so plainly used to fit the "ads" that the readers of these periodicals must share the publisher's low opinion of their reading matter. When articles by writers of national fame are made to meander in labyrinthine convolutions through pages of advertisements, and to serve as tops, bottoms and sides to "full position ads" of beef extracts, of condensed milk, of chocolates, of cosmetics, of cocoas, of corsets, of baby foods, of skin foods, of breakfast foods, of self-working washers, of silk petticoats, of toilet powders, of tooth pastes, of sanitary plumbing, of soap, of canned meats, and the like, we think that the pleasure of reading them does not compensate for the labor of disentangling them.

If any person reading these lines has subscribed for the *Circle*, and sent his money, we advise him not to read it. Thus he will save time and temper.

JUST as clothes often make the man, so environment visibly affects the complexion of his mind and frequently his utterances, if he be a writer. Robert W. Chambers's passion for dogs and gunning has quite evidently inspired the very best passages in his new book, "The Fighting Chance"; and in his more conventional work one sees the influence of his Louis something drawing-room, with its delicate damask wall hangings and gold chairs, and his almost too well-appointed house.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."

An investigation by a prominent publication showed that more than half of the people preferred our goods in 1905, but during 1906 they evidently bought them. Our works (the largest of their kind in the world) were run far into the night and yet could not supply the demand for

"Silver Plate that Wears"

1907—the sixtieth year since the business was established—will undoubtedly mark a greater record in sales, prestige and influence in the trade. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Send for our Catalogue "B-85" to assist in making selections.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., MERIDEN, CONN.
(International Silver Co., Successor)

LIFE BINDER CHEAP, STRONG AND DURABLE.

We furnish these in black or red to hold 26 numbers for \$1.00 postage prepaid.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street New York

Would You Like an Automobile

Here Are Two For Sale

A twenty horse-power, 1906 model

BRAZIER

With Landaulet body

This car has been used less than six months, and is in first-class condition. Cost \$6500. Selling price, \$4000.

A forty horse-power, 1905 model

BOLLEE

With demi-Limousine body

Seating five people and the driver. This car has been used since July, 1905, but has been put in first-class condition throughout. Cost \$9000. Selling price, \$3000.

ADDRESS CHAUFFEUR

Care of LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 17 West 31st St., NEW YORK

J. & F. MARTELL

Cognac

(Founded 1715)

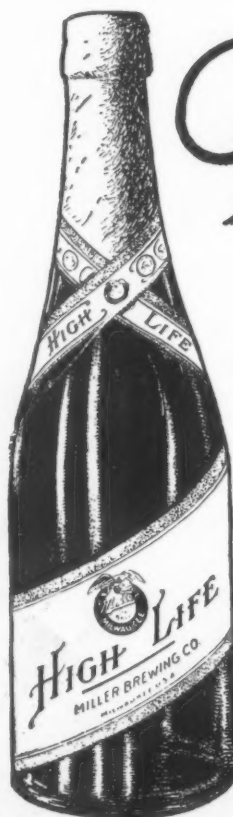


AND

FINE OLD
LIQUEUR
BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE

Sole Agents
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
New York



Miller HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle BEER

FROM WHAT IT IS MADE

The main point of beer, like everything else, is SUPERIORITY of QUALITY. Try a bottle of HIGH LIFE Beer and compare it with any other brand, and the question of Superiority and Quality will be settled for all time.

We use only the best materials money can buy.

We have spent fortunes to obtain, and are still spending large sums annually to maintain, "PERFECT PURITY."

You will find MILLER HIGH LIFE BEER for sale at all first-class hotels and clubs and on dining-cars and steamships.

Distributor: HENRY C. BOTJER, 353 Broadway, Long Island, N. Y.

MILWAUKEE

LIFE



AND SO ON, FOREVER

The Modern Rip



STRETCHING himself and yawning, Rip Van Winkle awoke from his twenty years' nap, and asked:

"What is the Attorney-General doing now?"

"He is announcing that he will move against the trusts," the bystanders answer. Turning back, Rip takes another nap.

Twenty years later he awakens and inquires what the Attorney-General is doing. A brand-new set of bystanders reply:

"He is saying that he will at once move against the trusts."

Rip goes to sleep again and arouses in twenty years more. Again he makes inquiry about the Attorney-General. This time there are no bystanders.

"I thought," he muses, "that eventually they would see what a cinch it is and get out and organize trusts of their own."

So saying, he prepares to be dramatized and swallowed up by the theatre trust.

W. D. Nesbit.

Between Camels and Private Cars

THE stretch between camels and private cars represents about all the history of civilization we know anything about. Time was when a man and his bride went on their honeymoon on thirst-scorning ships of the desert, thus evading rice and relations. Now, stocked with champagne, they are clicked across the continent, while papa pays the freight.

The camel, as a means of locomotion, was succeeded by the covered wagon; the covered wagon by the steam car; and the steam car by the private car, so-called, but everything that happens to its inhabitants is so public.

The private car is used by presidents of countries and railroads, Pittsburg millionaires, prelates, insurance officers not yet in jail and foreign potentates. The only thing that has not brought it into general use are the absurd laws which still make it difficult for all the people to make all kinds of money all the time. The moment that everybody can steal without standing a chance of getting into jail, private cars will be as common as dirt.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIX. FEBRUARY 14, 1907. No. 1268.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S Child-Labor

Bill is a disquieting document, for the reason that it drags the sympathies with so much force in different directions. It proposes to stretch the power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce to make it cover the failure of the State legislatures to pass proper laws regulating the employment of children in factories, mines and sweatshops. It would forbid railroads to receive for shipment out of any State commodities into the production of which had entered the labor of children under fourteen. Most of the more urgent fighters against child labor are for it. One of them, Mrs. Florence Kelly, calls it "the most humane measure before Congress since the Civil War." They agree as to the extreme difficulty—impossibility, they call it—of getting effectual child-labor laws through most of the State legislatures.

The purpose of Mr. Beveridge's bill is one of the most appealing that is conceivable. About the enormity of the abuses of child labor there is no question, though there may be dispute about their extent. Lamentable stories are told about the employment of young children in the Southern cotton-mills, and in various industries in nearly all the States, at work so exacting and for such protracted daily periods that the young life is fairly burnt out of them, and they either die prematurely, or grow up unschooled and withered wrecks, who hate work and are unfit for useful citizenship. There are States that protect young lobsters far more efficiently than they do young children. Nobody fights for the children except disinterested reformers and some of the labor unions. The opposition to the child-labor laws comes from strong commercial interests, able to employ skilful advocates, and to influence legislatures

by material arguments of the most powerful sort. The temptation to floor them at one blow by the exercise of the federal power is exceedingly strong.



NEVERTHELESS, though the purpose that Senator Beveridge aims to accomplish is not only righteous, but of urgent importance, the means by which he would realize it are, in our judgment, more dangerous than the evil he would abate. It is no more the province of the Federal Government to keep children out of factories than it is to supervise their schooling. The constitutional powers of Congress over interstate commerce have been strained to the breaking-point already, and every new concession of the right of interference by the Federal Government under the interstate commerce clause is promptly used as a precedent and an argument for some further and undreamed-of exercise of regulating power. That the interstate commerce clause should be interpreted to empower Congress to regulate child labor is altogether preposterous, unless we are ready to wipe the State lines off the map, and admit that our fathers' notions of government were mistaken and that the State legislatures are a useless expense.

Moreover, we question whether the Beveridge plan is necessary, or would be efficacious. The agitation about child labor is comparatively new and very active. It is much too soon to say it cannot win, as it should, in the State legislatures, and without going to Congress. And as to the efficacy of the Beveridge plan, we find one of the strongest fighters for the right of children to grow up disbelieving even in its effectiveness. Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Alabama, says that without the support of local sentiment child-labor laws could not be enforced. He opposes Beveridge and his short cut, and prefers to go on and thrash the matter out in the State legislatures, where it belongs.



AS WE go to press, there has been no violent earthquake for a fortnight, and things would seem quite stable, if it were not for the frequent tremors and jolts in Wall Street, and the railway accidents.

The President seems about as usual. He is going to Massachusetts to inspect some of the institutions of learning, to which he has contributed inmates. We do not believe the story that he broke his eye-glasses in a rough-and-tumble altercation with Senator Foraker, Mr. J. P. Morgan and Mr. H. H. Rogers at the Gridiron Club dinner. Nobody knows what happened at the Gridiron dinner, which is a clandestine entertainment conducted without benefit of clergy, but everybody knows that Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rogers are comparatively prudent men, and past the age for rough-and-tumble exhibitions. Besides, they both got home in fair order.

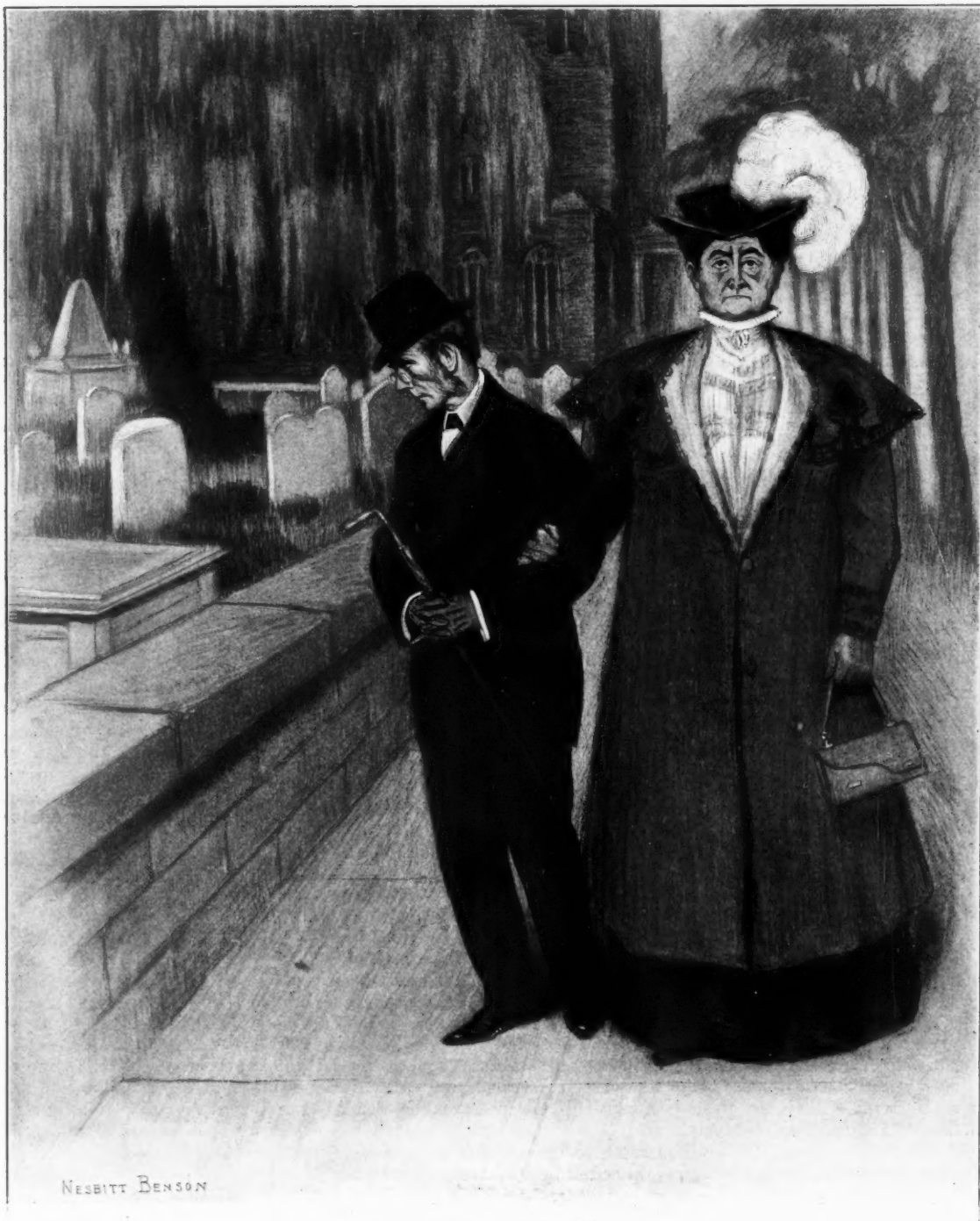
The President is expected to appoint a negro, Ralph Tyler, of Columbus, to be surveyor of the port of Cincinnati, with a salary of \$5,000. This purpose is interpreted to be a demonstration for the benefit of Mr. Foraker that the Presidential heart is still true to the colored brother. If such appointments are to be made, it is infinitely better to make them in Ohio or any Northern State than in South Carolina or any Southern State.



MR. HARRIMAN has been ill for a month, but is reported to be nearly well again, so that it may soon be possible for the Interstate Commerce Commission to resume its inquiries in his proceedings as a dealer in railroads and an amalgamator of competing lines. This paper has been criticized for taking too hopeful and indulgent a view of Mr. Harriman. That seems to us to be the right side to err upon at this time. So far as Mr. Harriman is concerned, it is not the side on which any very ominous amount of error is accumulating. For example, we find this in the *Wall Street Journal*:

Building railroads is alike the vocation and avocation of J. J. Hill. Watching other men feeding and nourishing and building and creating railroad systems, then flying down like a hawk, but without even the flap of a wing, and gobbling them up—this is alike the vocation and avocation of E. H. Harriman.

Maybe Mr. Harriman will be able to make it clear to the Interstate Commerce Commission that he didn't gobble up any railroads, but merely took them in out of the wet and made them comfortable.



"HOW PEACEFUL IT LOOKS IN THERE"



A Waste of Words



THAT any man should feel himself called upon, in the year 1907, to liberate American women from bondage seems, to a dispassionate observer, the acme of fine, unconscious humor. In the matter of advice, men are by nature prodigal. They are always counseling somebody, and it is the instinct of self-preservation which saves the woman from heeding what they say. She protects herself by inattention. In regard to motherhood alone, she has been told so often what to do—by a sex that can never be mothers—that she would grow confused to the point of uselessness were it not for the kindly law which makes her insensible to admonition.

AND now comes along a gentleman from the Union Theological Seminary who assures the graduates of Wellesley that they are slaves, and—what is worse—contented slaves; women whose ideals are the ideals of the harem, and whose preference for a “confined, restricted life” has made of them the parasites of men. This is an entirely new view of the situation, and plunges us into a chaos of bewilderment. It has never been assumed that American women were fanatically domestic, nor possessed of a worm-like submission. Their preference for a restricted life has hitherto escaped the notice of observers. The ideals of the harem—ideals not destitute of beauty and distinction—have seemed curiously remote from the ideals of Boston and Chicago—not to mention little, demure New York. Women from these towns have been seen—though Dr. Fagnani may not

credit it—in every capital of Europe. It is said that a few years ago the old King of Saxony stood up in his opera-box, looked at the serried ranks of females—two-thirds of them American “parasites”—and groaned out: “Mein Gott! where are all these women’s husbands?” It evidently never occurred to him that his gay and glittering visitors were unduly attached to their own hearthstones.

One piece of counsel Dr. Fagnani will not give in vain: “I would invite you all,” he said earnestly, “to become dangerous women.” He might have omitted the word “become.” He might have trusted the elemental instincts of his audience. From the day that Eve first smiled into Adam’s face, women have never been devoid of dangerous qualities. They need no urgent invitation to preserve these qualities to the end.

Agnes Repplier.

Anthony Hope on, Hope ever.
Too many Shaws spoil the broth.

Gifts of a Diva

THE warm-hearted Melba, before leaving England, entered enthusiastically into the present-giving contest which attended the marriage of her son with Miss Ruby Otway, of No. 7 Park Lane, London. To him she is said to have presented a castle and estate near Killarney, a check for £50,000, a gold-fitted dressing-case, and a motor-car, while upon the bride she showered gifts, especially jewels, and a dressing-case with fittings of rare pale tortoise-shell and gold. These rich articles suggest the sumptuous dressing-case set given the diva herself by a Rothschild some years since, save for the dazzling diamond M’s which adorned those dozens of pieces. Mayhap she wearied of them.

Yeoman Connolly



THE recent announcement that James B. Connolly, who has painted in convincing prose the heroism and hardships of the Gloucester fishing fleet, will take the oath of enlistment in the United States Navy will fulfil a cherished hope of President Roosevelt. Connolly is a born sailor, a fine athlete, and is at his best in his literary work when he is weaving his sea stories. The navy has had historians in plenty and Reuterdahl and Zogbaum have caught its life pictorially. But it has never had a Kipling to reflect the life of the modern man-o-war’s man. For Kipling has of recent years forsaken his India and his redcoats for the men of the Royal navy and her ponderous battleships and slim torpedo craft. Keenly alive to the comparative unfamiliarity of the American public to their favorite arm of the service, President Roosevelt did well when he induced Connolly to ship in the navy for a two-year trick.



CONNOLLY is to be rated as a yeoman, but he is to have special privileges while he sports the hatband of the battleship Alabama. He will not swing his hammock with his fellow-yeomen on the berth deck, a stateroom being one of the special privileges. Naval officers are inclined to look upon this particular dispensation as calculated to forfeit him the good-will of the ship’s company, for the American bluejacket is jealous of his traditions and resentful of distinctions.

Connolly’s personality, his familiarity

with sea habits and his ability in athletics will, however, go a long ways toward counteracting this feeling, and President Roosevelt's great popularity in the navy will also help.



SHOULD Connolly sling in a hammock and perform his yeoman duties faithfully, he would find but little time to catch the spirit of the life that he is to portray. The yeoman branch is known as the special branch of the enlisted personnel, the others being the seaman and artificer branches. It is the clerical force of the ship, and the working hours of a yeoman are longer than those of any other men in the navy, afloat or ashore. Yeomen are required to be expert as stenographers and typewriters, and are placed in positions that are similar in their trust to that of the confidential clerk of civil life. From chief yeoman with a monthly base pay of \$60, they are graded down to yeoman, third class, at \$30 per month.

ON A ship of the Alabama class the captain, executive, ordnance, equipment, paymaster, surgeon and engineer officer each has his yeoman force of from two to five men. The captain's chief yeoman is a constantly growing power aboard ship, being to all intents and purposes his personal secretary. The signing of official correspondence and of routine papers alone averages about three hours of a captain's working day. In addition to this preparation of correspondence, the yeomen of each department must prepare all monthly and quarterly accounts, requisitions and statements, and acquire an intimate personal knowledge of the capabilities of each enlisted man of the department and the complicated regulations of the navy. Yeoman Connolly's official working hours will be from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Our Leading Family



DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS says: "We already have quite an imposing array of 'princely families'—Astor Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, Field, Gould, Crocker, Fair, Goelet, Phipps, Havemeyer, Mackay, Carnegie, Harriman, Belmont, Morgan."

And Guggenheim? How did Mr. Phil-

lips come to omit the Guggenheims? Are the Guggenheims a family to be overlooked? We wot not. Not while copper is about 25 cents a pound and some of the other metals marketable at good prices. If we have a family that is princely the Guggenheims are it. "Seven brothers are they in the land"—as the Spanish ballad runs—and all of them are millionaires many times over, and one a Senator—the youngest member of the Senate. Meyer, the father, came over in 1853 in the steerage, where he met Barbara, the mother. Meyer peddled stove polish, then bought and sold embroideries until he became the leading American dealer in them and made a fortune. In 1889 he bought a silver mine in Colorado and built a smelter. Barbara, good woman, contributed to business and fame the seven sons, and they all presently learned to be smelters. Isaac, Daniel, Murry, Solomon, Benjamin, Simon, William, all smelters, all active and sagacious men of affairs, and presently in control of the smelting business of the Western hemisphere.

GREAT are the Guggenheims! If they look at a mine, even crosswise, up goes the price of the shares. If they turn away, down the quotations drop.

It takes more than money to make a family. It also requires folks. Where is there a family that can line up with the seven-starred house of Guggenheim? There is none in sight. There have been Adamses, there have been Fields and Washburns, Hoars and Shermans, but they are all has-beens and also-rans compared with the Guggenheims.

Great are the Guggenheims, and their motto is, "I came, I saw, I smelt!"

How did Mr. Phillips come to overlook them? Has he no nose for facts? What other family has prospects so princely as theirs? What other princely family has dared to raise seven sons?

It's Rockefeller that makes the world go round.

Never look a gift Carnegie in the purse.



SINCE Carnegie Lake, at Princeton, has been opened for navigation the pious students of that well-known educa-

tional emporium have paraphrased the Twenty-third Psalm to read something like this:

The Laird is my shepherd, I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of debt, yet will I fear no evil, for his wad and his half they comfort me.

Anthony Comstock

ANTHONY can detect vice a league off; he has an instinct for immorality, and can see an obtrusive leg quicker than the dean of the bald-headed row. He mourns the mistakes of heaven, which sends babies into the world without union suits, makes humanity naked and nature unashamed.



ANTHONY AT WORK

Could Comstock regulate heaven and earth upon the lines he loves and the laws he would legislate, beauty, art, music, painting, sculpture, poetry and all the aids to naked sin would be abolished and the earth would be given over to cant and clothes, prudery and pruriency, intellectual nastiness and humbug.



It takes nine Clyde Fitches to make a scenario.

Conversation



THE art of conversation has been much written about, but it cannot be said that any advance has been made. People still go on talking, without regard to set rules. Those necessary concomitants to conversation—tact and variety—are not regarded in the light of any set

method, but are made use of incidentally.

What we need to-day is a certain fearlessness of attitude, a frankness and candor that, if properly used, will go far toward making the art of conversation what it should be. Our social life is in danger of becoming anemic for want of the real spirit of truth. Let us institute a reform, and conduct our conversations with due regard to the strenuous life.

With a leader of the Smart Set:

"How do you do, Mrs. Goldbonds?"

"How do you do?"

"You are looking finely to-day; but aren't you overweight? And you have rings under your eyes."

"Indeed! I was not aware of it."

"Yes, they are quite plain; you have been giving some of those deadly dull dinners, I know."

"Sir!"

"Now don't dissemble. I know you. By the way, how much money are you really worth?"

"What is that to you?"

"Nothing, nothing. Some one asked me, that's all. I had an idle curiosity to know if your bank account really did counterbalance your innate vulgarity."

"You are rude, sir."

"No, Mrs. Goldbonds, I am unpleasant—and truthful. Good-by. I must seek some one more interesting."

With a young girl:

"How pretty you are! I wish you knew more."

"That isn't nice of you, sir."

"I know it. But I am not here to be nice. It is too bad about you."

"What is too bad?"

"Why, when you get to be forty and

have had some experience—when I would really enjoy sitting in a quiet corner with you and chatting, then you will be faded out and not worth looking at."

"You are dreadful!"

"Am I? Sorry, but I must tell the truth. My dear little girl, if you only knew something now it would be worth while, but, really, you bore me."

"I hate you, sir!"

"That means nothing. I wouldn't mind being hated by a woman ten years older, if she had half your good looks. By-by!"

With a clergyman:

"Good afternoon, doctor. After your sermon, you look remarkably fit."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"True. You had but to deliver it. Others had to listen."

"Wasn't it a good sermon?"

"No. Several told you it was, but they lied. I will be more truthful. It was very dull."

"Thank you!"

"Don't mention it. It ought to do you good occasionally to hear the truth. Your opportunities in that respect are so slight."



She: I WISH I HAD A GRACEFUL, PRETTY OUTLINE.

"You insult me, sir."

"That would be impossible. I really admire you in many respects. Your opportunities for being genuine are so few, and you do the best you can, I know. Good-day, sir!"

With a Senator:

"Ah, my disrespected Senator, you look underweight. Have you been neglecting yourself? Remember, sir, the country looks to you to upset some of its cherished notions and"—

"In what way?"

"Why, at any moment, you may be engaged in some disgraceful financial transaction; you should keep yourself in good trim."

"You are sarcastic."

"Good! I am. I acknowledge it. The fact is, Senator, I don't particularly like you. I don't care for your line of graft"—

"You insult me, sir."

"Splendid! I meant to. Hope it will do you good!"

Chesterton Todd



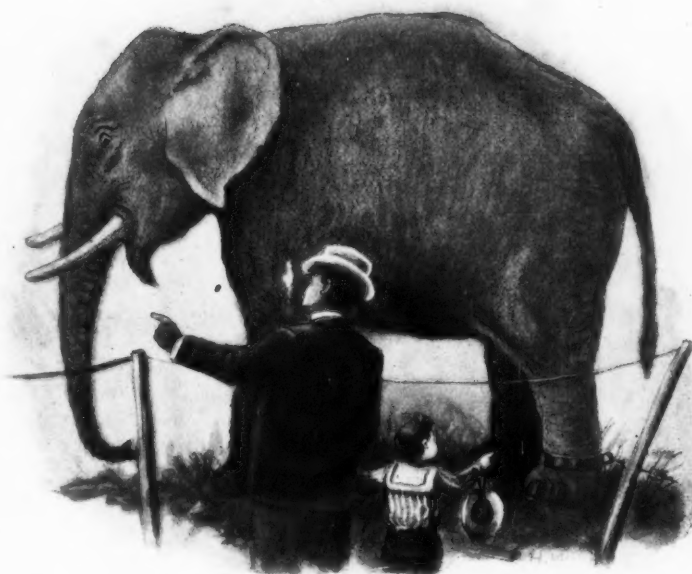
He: WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU.

A Prayer

WITH aching heart I come to Thee and beseech Thee to hear and grant my prayer!

Wilt Thou not, Dear Lord, in the creation of all future generations of human beings, omit the Tonsils; the third palate, tersely named by the Medical Profession "Adenoids" (present in every normal being), also the Vermiform Appendix, and all other organs of the body which the wise surgeons of our time have discovered to be wholly superfluous and unnecessary; we beseech Thee to omit these, and thereby save the suffering, bloodshed and annoyance of having them all removed from our children, at some period of their postnatal existence.

And, Heavenly Father, I beseech Thee that our children may, in future, be born immune from all diseases of the kinds for which toxins and serums are injected in their blood—most especially, Dear Lord, smallpox, for the supposed prevention of which the ancient, useless, dangerous and filthy rite of vaccination is performed; this most earnestly I pray Thee, from the depths of my heart, that



"MY SON, THIS LARGE APPENDAGE WHICH YOU SEE AT THIS END OF THE ANIMAL IS CALLED HIS TRUNK."
"THEN WHAT IS THIS SMALL ONE, PAPA—HIS VALISE?"



She. THANKS, AWFULLY

the blood of our children may no longer be poisoned, their health forever impaired and often ruined, and their lives lost. Since this superstition or vaccination delusion is hundreds of years old, Thy omnipotence alone can rid the world of its hold upon it.

Further I beseech Thee, Dear Lord, to create millions upon millions of duplicates of all the organs possessed by sentient beings, and scatter them broadcast throughout the world; these to be absolutely without the power to feel, to be used in the experimentations of vivisectors, that vivisection of sentient creatures may no longer even be claimed to be necessary or helpful.

Again I beseech Thee, Good Lord, to create two-thirds of all dogs, now having to submit to the surgeon's knife that their ears and tails may conform to the prevailing fashion, these I pray Thee to create with correct tails and ears, that this surgical operation may no longer be imposed upon them—one of man's truest and best friends.

Also, Dear Lord, I beseech Thee to create two-thirds of all the horses with docked tails, and perpendicular necks,

that this noble, patient, long-suffering animal may no more be subjected to the heinous outrages of docking and the cruel check. The remaining one-third of these creatures to be for those who are satisfied with Thy handiwork, as created throughout the ages.

In the name of Love, which Thou art, AMEN!

Differentiation

IF A woman weighs two hundred pounds and—

Is worth a million dollars, she has a full figure;

Is worth five hundred thousand, she is plump;

Is worth a hundred thousand, she is plump;

Is worth a thousand only, she is fat.

Independent

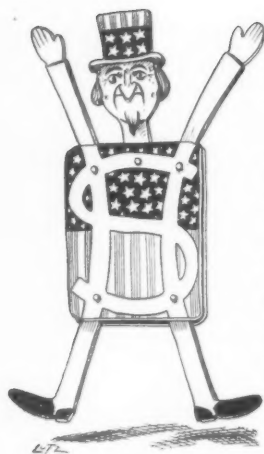
PATIENT (smiling): I don't suppose, doctor, that you could possibly supply me with a new heart, could you?

THE PHYSICIAN: I'm afraid not. You see, sir, the factory where you were assembled makes a rule never to renew parts.

Our Tariff History

Specially Written by Ina Barbell

CHAPTER I.



WHEN Columbus came to this country in 1492 there was no sign of a Tariff as far as the eye could reach. Even scalps were raised without taxes.

Later, when Sir Walter Raleigh, the advance agent of the American Tobacco Company, came over and started the first Pittsburgh stogie factory, affairs were no better.

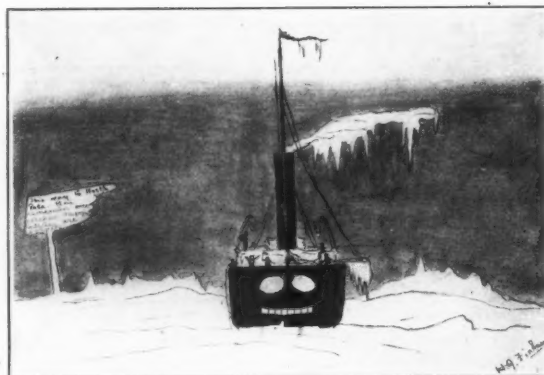
It soon became evident, however, that in order to make this continent a fit place for Andrew Carnegie, something would have to be done. In fact, Industries were at once started, and since then there has been only the question of how much they should be fed.

All Industries that are still being fed, but are old, are still called Infant.

Nothing succeeds like the Tariff, except Carnegie and the Standard Oil.



"ARE YOUR PARENTS EPISCOPALIANS, LITTLE BOY?"
"HELL, NO! WE'RE PROHIBITIONIST!"



MANY ARE CALLED BUT FEW ARE FROZEN

Infant Industries are of two kinds: Those who have friends in Congress, and those who have friends in the Senate.

They are about equally divided.

Their diet as a rule consists of subsidies. These are administered in the form of duties, either plain or with force.

Incidents of a Bad Bargain

THE papers say—and others deny—that the deed of separation has been signed by the young Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. It is rather a forlorn issue of an alliance that was thought to be brilliant. But, after all, it was at best a highly speculative alliance, in which both the parties were very young and imperfectly disciplined, and only temporarily acquainted.

The story of the Marlboroughs is by no means ended yet. The material fortunes of the family have been considerably revived by the young duchess's dowry, and there are two little boys, one of whom may in due time inherit a list of resonant titles from his father, and from his mother the sufficient fortune to maintain them. It is theoretically possible for the luck to change and these children turn out to be profitable, but that seldom happens by accident, and in this case neither environment nor heredity seems favorable to it. They look like children doomed to eat the husks of fashion with the swine of the English smart set, which is pretty rough on two innocent babes with some able blood in them.

Once more the moral is that it is a bad use to make of good money, to give it along with a nice girl to an objectionable young man. Conversely, it may be an ill use to make of an hereditary title to bestow it upon a rich girl that you don't intend to stick to; but that is no excuse for welching.

It was a bad trade. The great family of Guggenheim would never have made it. They might have bought an option in the young duke, but when their experts had referred, they would have Nipissinged the match in bud and paid costs. The only glad thought in the whole story is that every self-respecting family in Newport will have to keep a basket of bad eggs by the front gate against the next young peer that comes a-courting.

But only for a little while. Poor Newport!



FALL RIVER, MASS.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—It appears that all preachers of the Gospel are not of the same opinion as those who take issue with LIFE over the matter of divorce, as witness the following, quoted from a "platform" presented by President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, to the Maine Congregational Conference:

"We will support the family as God's institution for uniting man and woman in love, for rearing children in virtue and for ministering to the aged in tenderness; we will counsel due consideration before mar-

riage, and forbearance and forgiveness until seventy times seven in the delicate adjustments of family life; yet when adultery, desertion or gross and wanton brutality break the bonds of domestic affection beyond the power of patience and charity to restore, we will sanction for the innocent party such relief from intolerable tyranny as the law of the State allows."

When two such guides as LIFE and President Hyde blaze the trail, it would seem that those who cut across it might do well to hesitate lest they rush into a way that even angels would fear to tread.

But concerning missionaries. Are there not missionaries of various stripes? I trust you will continue to lampoon and lambaste those worthies (God save the mark!) who would force perverted Scripture down the



IT IS RECORDED THAT THE FIRST MAN HADN'T KNOWN THE FIRST WOMAN LONG BEFORE HE HAD TO GET OUT AND DIG



THE PATRON SAINT OF THE BALLOONIST

throats of befooled "heathen niggers." But why not give us a word now and then, by way of contrast, about the other kind—such men as Bishop Talbot, for instance? Or is he *sui generis*?

Yours truly,
Jan. 29, 1907. R. B. NASON.

Extract from a Letter to "Life"

"IT IS only because I am feeling unable, financially, to subscribe this year that I have to stop the paper. It is the best of its kind, and in my estimation far ahead of the foreign ones with the same end in view. I like your fight against the theatre trust, cruelty to animals, and other reforms.

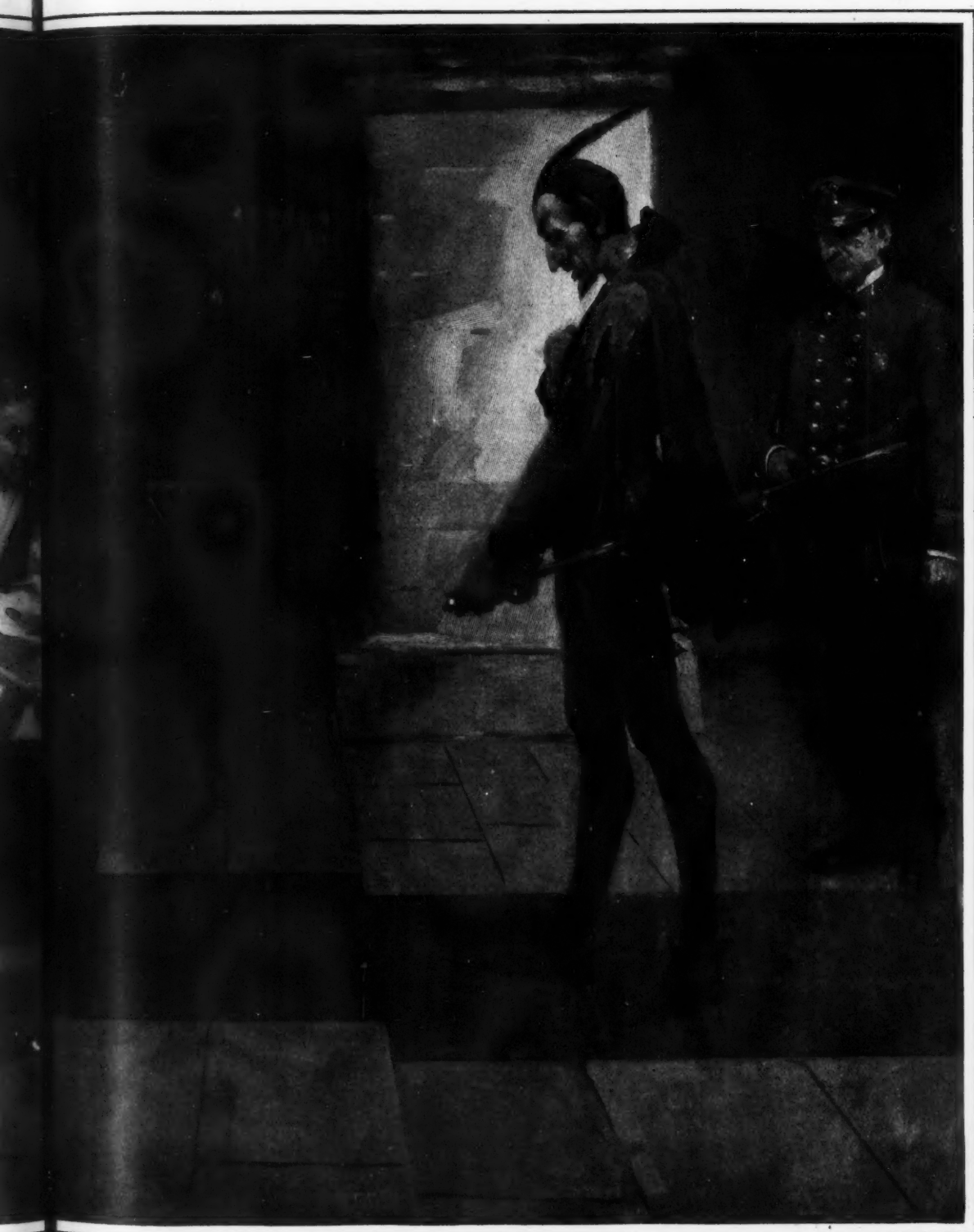
A Natural Question

"MAMA, is uncle Jake very wealthy?"
"Enormously so, dear."
"What is he guilty of?"

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LE.



"FOYS"



EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE

"IT'S A WONDER THEM STREET CLEANERS DOESN'T GET RUN OVER."
 "I'D HATE TO HAVE THEIR JOB. I'D BE SCARED STIFF ALL THE TIME."



For the Most Part Musical Comedy

DOUBTLESS the world will never reach that state of moral perfection where a theatrical manager will refuse to charge any more for his tickets than his entertainment is worth. In fact, the tendency is directly in the opposite direction. The manager does not adjust his prices to the value of what he gives, but seeks ardently, by the aid of speculators and other devices, to wheedle a theatre-mad public out of even more than his own published and advertised charges for seats. Dealing with a public whose artistic taste is only partly, if at all, educated, the theatrical business is a gamble. There are no fixed standards by which even an educated or intelligent manager can tell with any certainty how our fickle public is going to like any one of his productions. In gambling the occasional winning must be made to offset a number of losses; so when

the manager wins—that is, produces a success—he is naturally bound to make all he can from it by extorting from the public the utmost possible dollar. The public does not complain very bitterly at this extortion when it gets anything like a return for its money. But even the easily gulled New York theatregoer becomes wrathful when he finds that he has been fooled into paying the regular two-dollar tariff to which has been added a bit of managerial petty larceny to witness a performance not worth the proverbial thirty cents.

* * *

HERE is Mr. X., for instance, who about Thursday or Friday makes up his mind, or has it made up for him, that he will take his family to the theatre of a Saturday evening. If he is inexperienced, he goes from box-office to box-office only to be told that there is nothing to be had nearer than the umpsteenth row. Then he tries the hotels, only to find that there is nothing to be had, Saturday evening being a very popular one for theatregoing at any of the plays which he has been informed are worth seeing. In desperation, he buys seats for a play concerning whose merits he knows nothing more than that it is at a Broadway theatre and is exploited by the name of a more or less well-advertised star.

Let us say, for instance, that this gentleman and his family find themselves landed at the Criterion to witness a performance of "The Aero Club," an alleged comedy, with Lulu Glaser as the leading personality. Being Saturday evening, the house is filled with a holiday crowd in holiday mood, ready to be easily pleased. During the early stages of the piece the audience laughs easily at lines and situations which the less indulgent mind finds only silly or puerile. As the performance wears on, the good spirit of even a holiday audience wears out. Long, pointless dialogues without action become tiresome even to persons who are seeking hard to be amused. Lulu Glaser's very Pittsbur-r-r-gy pronunciation grows offensive even to ears that perhaps don't know just what is wrong, but which must be aware that they are hearing English very badly spoken. Even the most giggly, unthinking girl in the audience ceases to titter at the author's labored efforts to be funny and to make a muddled, childish plot work itself out to a conclusion. As the final curtain of "The Aero Club" falls on a saddened audience, and Mr. X. and his family think of the trouble they have taken and the money they have wasted to sit through this very, very silly performance, all they can do is to call up the usual, self-blaming American philosophy contained in the classic expression, "Sold again!"

* * *

IF THE X. family had been able to locate the Lincoln Square—which is a very comfortable theatre on Broadway, near Sixty-sixth Street—they would have found a charming little musical comedy done in admirable spirit. Its title is "The Belle of London Town," and it has a book of far more than usual cleverness supplied by Mr. Stanislaus Stange. The music is by Mr. Julian Edwards, and has a distinct character, a sort of early Victorian tunefulness and agreeable orchestration rather different from the sameness which marks the bulk of rag-time, topical-song conglomerations that pass current for comic opera. The head of the cast is Camille D'Arville, a former favorite who has not of late been seen on the stage. Some of her juniors, whose names are kept more conspicuously before the public, might with profit witness and learn from her finished method, both in acting and singing. Another excellent performance was that of Ruth Peebles. In fact, the cast throughout was well chosen and gave a performance perfect in detail and evidently carefully prepared. At a theatre better advertised to the New York public, this really artistic presentation of an enjoyable musical piece should have a long run.

"THE LITTLE MICHUS," presented at the Garden Theatre, had a considerable and long-continued success in London. The only explanation possible is that it must have had a far better presentation than that given to it in New York. In fact, the Garden staging seemed a little bit scant and skimpy. Scenery and costumes looked as though they might have been selected with something else than that reckless disregard of expense which seems a *sine qua non* in contemporary musical comedy. The story is the familiar one of two babies of different station being mixed in infancy—this time in the bath-tub—and the difficulties due to trying to sort them out correctly later on in life. These two important characters were, in the present instance, intrusted to two young women very slightly qualified for important stage work, especially in the important matter of singing ability. The whole performance might be described as a musical one without singers. In such a gathering Miss Elita Proctor Otis, who makes no pretension to a singing voice, stood out prominently by her acting ability and actually made a hit in a song. Mr. Ernest Lambart, with the same qualifications, did the same thing in a smaller way. The piece served to introduce to New York Mr. George Graves, an English eccentric comedian, whose originality of method in his impersonation of a peppery and explosive French general with a wooden leg helped to save "The Little Michus" from actual disaster.

Much of the music, which is by André Messenger, is dainty and tuneful, but the impression gained of the entertainment as given here is that it is second rate.

* * *

IT NEVER rains musical pieces but it pours, and on top of all the other similar aspirants for favor comes "The Rose of the Alhambra," with book by Mr. Charles Emerson Cook and score by Mr. Lucius Hosmer. The latter's effort is a pretentious one, but it is most successful in some of the lighter numbers. None of the music shows either pronounced originality or great virility, although making generous use of an unusually large and competent male chorus. Mr. Cook's plot was in some respects a departure from the conventional lines of comic opera, and in so far as it was romantic was refreshing, but when it attempted to be humorous failed utterly of its purpose. The usual bad enunciation of the singers made it impossible to determine whether his lyrics possessed any merit or not.

"The Rose of the Alhambra" furnishes another illustration of the fact that it is not wise to produce comic opera with a comedian who is not comic and with singers who do not sing. It may be that the singers



"YOUR MAJESTY, PERMIT ME TO ANNOUNCE THE ABSCONDING CASHIER OF A SAVINGS BANK."
"NO ROOM; WE'VE GOT TO DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE."

in this piece can sing, but with the exception of Miss Agnes Cain Brown as *Jacinta*, "the rose," it is certain they did not sing on the first night of the piece. There was a blizzard raging outside and their voices may have blown away. Not even a blizzard could account for the absence of humor in Mr. Eddie Heron's impersonation of *Philip V* of Spain. He was sadly handicapped by a lack of humorous material, but even so his methods are those of the sawdust arena and not of the musical stage.

"The Rose of the Alhambra" is generously equipped in costumes, scenery and pretty girls, but as an entirety it does not loom up big in the overcrowded field of comic opera.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Mr. David Warfield and excellent support in the moving comedy, "The Music Master."

Astor—"Genesee of the Hills." Notice later.

Belasco—"The Rose of the Rancho," by Messrs. Belasco and Tully. Admirably staged drama of California in the days of transition from Mexican rule.

Bijou—Henrietta Crossman in "All-of-a-Sudden-Peggy." Notice later.

Casino—Mr. Louis Mann in "The Girl from Vienna." Notice later.

Criterion—Lulu Glaser in "The Aero Club." See opposite.

Empire—Ellen Terry and English company in repertoire.

Garden—"The Little Michus." See above.

Garriok—Mr. William Collier in "Caught in the Rain." Well acted and highly diverting farcical comedy.

Hackett—"The Chorus Lady," with Rose Stahl in a true and laughable delineation of life in one department of artistic endeavor.

Herald Square—"The Road to Yesterday." A pretty dream fancy prettily done.

Hippodrome—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Everything from real Indians to singing mermaids, and all good.

Lincoln Square—"The Belle of London Town," with Camille D'Arville as the star. See above.

Lyric—Mr. E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe in repertoire. See opposite.

Madison Square—"The Three of Us." Interesting American play well acted by Carlotta Nillson and very competent company.

Majestic—"The Rose of the Alhambra." See above.

Manhattan—Mr. Jefferson d'Angeles in "The Girl and the Governor." Notice later.

Princess—"The Great Divide." Miss Margaret Anglin, Mr. Henry Miller and good cast in highly interesting American drama.

Weber's—"The Dream City" and "The Magic Knight." Burlesque, pretty girls, funny lines and Mr. Victor Herbert's excellent music.

"YOU say you can't live without my daughter?"

"No, sir."

"Then you'd better stay engaged to her."



THE FAR HORIZON, the long-expected novel by Lucas Malet, has come to us as the propitious and heartening introduction to the new season. Conceived primarily as an indicative and interpretative embodiment of the spirit of Catholicism, the story, as a story, is to a certain extent a fragment. Yet the friendship, intercourse and never quite acknowledged love between Dominick Inglesias, just saved by a native and candid simplicity from being a prig, and Poppy St. John, just recalled by a sense of humor and of reverence from being a wanton, is wholly delightful. Indeed this mutual interplay of two personalities, reticently but most effectively presented, which constantly skirt the edges of our sympathies and our dislikes only to win our firmer and more sympathetic liking—this, together with a consciousness of perfect workmanship, constitute the mental and visualized residuum of the book. It is an exquisite piece of writing and a delightful, if not in any broad sense a big, piece of fiction.

In *The Malefactor*, Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, that very versatile inventor of plots and maintainer of sensations, is a little less successful than usual in divesting cheap melodrama of its cheapness. The story is that of a man who has endured ten years of penal servitude unjustly and returns bent on revenge only to find himself too merciful to persevere. Mr. Oppenheim is a master of intrigue but *The Malefactor* is less a story of intrigue than a study of character, and while Mr. Oppenheim once did good work in that line his hand is badly out.

At first glance the rudimentary character of Logan G. McPherson's published lectures on *The Working of the Railroads* may "insult the intelligence" of some readers. But the author has not been a practical railroad man and lecturer on transportation at Johns Hopkins University for nothing, and his rudiments will be found to be very far from puerile in their

bearing on issues of imminent importance. This is especially true in regard to the highly technical and complex matters of traffic and tariff and of the relations of the railways to each other and of the Government to the railways. The book is recommended to all laymen interested in the far-reaching questions involved in the last problem.

Thomas H. Sherard, for many years a resident of the French capital and correspondent of various British and American journals, has published a volume of reminiscences called *Twenty Years in Paris*. It is a strange book. Like one's first olive it is interesting but suspect. It is interesting because the writer introduces us to many persons we are fain to meet: to Hugo, Dumas fils, de Maupassant, Daudet, Zola, Wilde, Renan, De Lesseps, Baron Haussmann, and many others, remembered and forgotten. It is suspect because there hovers over it a vapor of personality, an elusive poison of psychological miasma, a tenuous but persistent exhalation, whose source is hidden, whose nature is ill defined, but the fact of whose presence is not to be escaped.

Mr. Bronson Howard, in arranging his play, *Kate, a Comedy*, for publication, has made an experiment which is as successful as it is sensible and which might well be allowed to establish a precedent. His object is to make readable an edition intended for reading; to carry the imagination direct to the action of the piece and not, as he says himself, to "make a man who is sitting in his library first imagine himself in a theatre and then imagine himself somewhere else." It is all very simple and very obvious—now that Mr. Howard has done it, and while it is a pity that he did not have a better subject to experiment with than *Kate, a Comedy*, his demonstration is by so much the more convincing.

An elaborate and ingenious story of a

solved cryptogram and the consequent rehabilitation of an old Huguenot family of South Carolina is told by John Bennett in *The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard*. The massing of queer family memoranda, corroborative legends and records of former inquiry at times clogs the steps of the story, but in spite of this it is an entertaining fiction and a provocative and well-constructed puzzle.

The Railway Children is a new story by E. Nesbit full of that quality, difficult to define and difficult to resist, which makes for big round eyes and parted lips and breathless attention when youngsters gather round the fire and mother reads aloud. It is a story of some English children by an English woman who has already proved her ability in the same and in other lines.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Far Horizon by Lucas Malet. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

The Malefactor, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.)

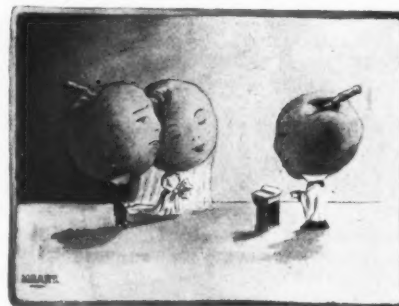
The Working of the Railroads, by Logan G. McPherson. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

Twenty Years in Paris, by Thomas Harbrough Sherard. (George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia.)

Kate, a Comedy by Bronson Howard (Harper and Brothers.)

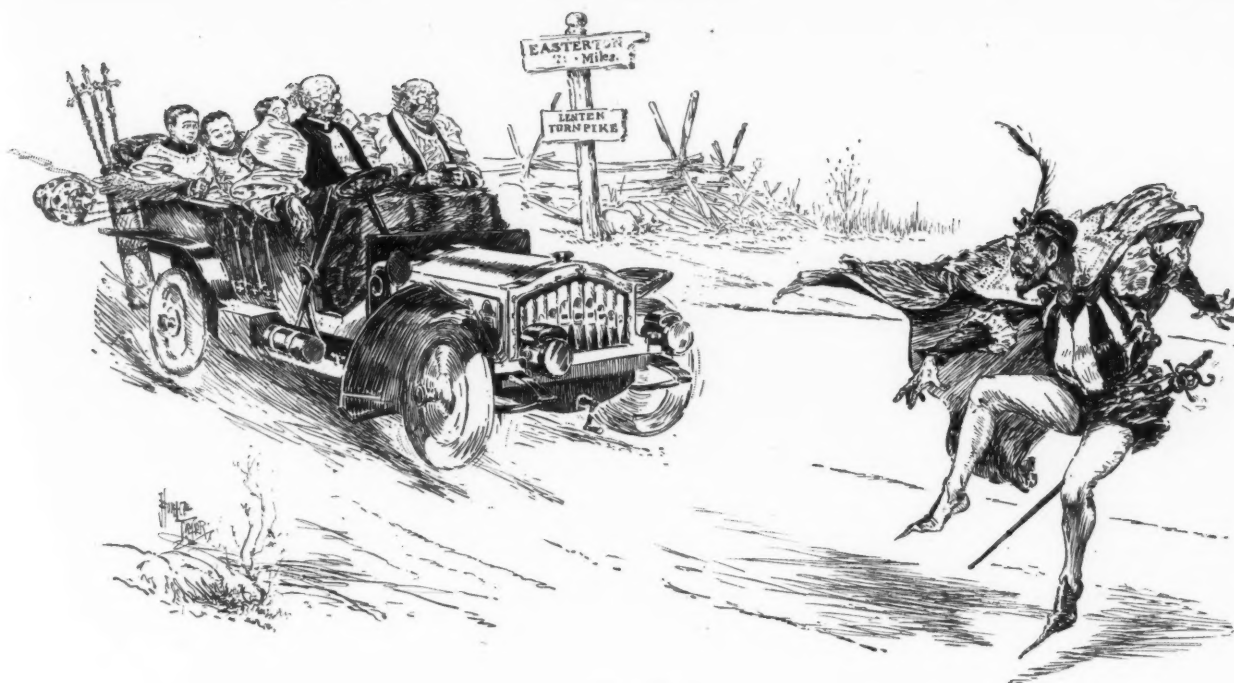
The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard, by John Bennett. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

The Railway Children, by E. Nesbit (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)



PAIRING APPLES

WHEN we read that many chauffeurs are paid as much as \$250 a month, with board, and only a little further down the column that there are only eleven divinity students at Andover, are our bosoms ruffled with misdoubts? Not ours, because we remember our Hume, and are admonished that what we call cause and effect is, after all, only a fortuitous association of ideas, upon which nothing is to be predicted of reality.



HONK! HONK!

Man as a True Sport



OUR hearty thanks ought to be given to certain scientists and other great men for revealing the fact that most foods which we like are really dangerous to human life. The simple fact of eating harmless things from day to day becomes so monotonous after awhile that half the charm is gone. When we are told, however, that all oysters contain more or less typhoid germs, that milk is infected with tubercle-bacilli, that all meat and fish are afflicted with ptomaines and that fierce, migratory or nomadic germs are wandering from vegetable to vegetable, then the process of absorbing food becomes a genuine sport, enlivened at every turn by the prospect of being cut open for appendicitis, or having our stomachs removed and renovated by willing experts while we wait.

All of us being gamblers by nature, it becomes truly a pitiable condition when there is no longer any harm in anything. One-half the pleasure of indulging in what we know to be dangerous is the thought of what it may lead to. Is there anything better, for example, than hot mince pie? Containing, as it does, prac-

tically everything that is not fit to eat, so many complications for the future are bound up in it that our pleasure is sure to be enhanced in proportion to the varieties of danger it represents. There is pleasure in the act of eating it alone, quite enough to make it worth while. When we add to this the thought of the suffering that may come, the joy of the act rises at once to moral grandeur. It is just such sacrifices as this that show the differences between man, the thinking being, and the brute beast.

A dog foolishly and instinctively avoids the things that are not good for him. A professor of Greek eats clam chowder, lobster Newburg and ice cream because his intellect demands it, and his stomach craves big game. Time was when we fought big game in the jungle. Now we do it in lunch counters.

In Suspense

APPPLICANT (at Western newspaper office): I'm looking for a job. I can set type and write.

EDITOR: Good! Just take a seat.

"Have you an assistant?"

"I can't tell yet. I sent him out to see a man and expect to hear a gun go off every moment."

Lent

LENT is a season of real rest and recreation for the elect.

It is a short period of penitence entirely surrounded by social dissipation.

Souls may be renovated at a most reasonable figure during the forty days.

Sackcloth and ashes are the prescribed spiritual garb for Lent; however, this does not obtain at present among the most fashionable rectors.

Fads and fasting are two prominent characteristics of the season.

Nobody who is anybody would be caught attending a function during Lent; especially if the function were not amusing.

Lent oft times brings to the irresponsible the conviction that they have a Mission in Life; this is usually fulfilled by cultivating a nodding acquaintance with Charity.

The poms and vanities of this wicked world receive a terrific drubbing during Lent. Still, with Easter day their recovery is quick and certain.

Arthur D. Pratt.

DESCENT OF MAN—Gasoline.



SHERMAN AND THE FORAGER

It was somewhere along the route of what was known as the Atlanta campaign, and the orders forbidding foraging were very strict—and very strictly enforced. After a morning of hard fighting Sherman was making one of his "flank movements," and the column was strung out along the road for miles. I was riding near the head of one of the columns, and perhaps five rods ahead of me was General Sherman himself.

As usual, he was about the worst-dressed man in the outfit—a shabby, disreputable old forage-cap drawn down close to his ears, and a private soldier's blue overcoat, a size or two too big for him, with no visible insignia of his rank to distinguish him. He was sitting "all humped up" in the saddle, chin hanging down on his breast, and reins lying loose on the horse's neck. Suddenly there came a series of agonizing squeals and grunts from the brush at the right of the roadway, and in an instant a small "razor-back" shoat ran out into the road. Close behind it came a private soldier with musket at the charge. Just as the pig reached the middle of the road the man struck swiftly and surely, the bayonet passing through its neck and throat.

The General straightened up in his saddle, gathered up the reins, and commanded, "Halt, there, my man!" The soldier, recognizing the General, brought his heels together and saluted.

"What did you kill that hog for?" demanded Sherman.

Without turning a hair or batting an eye, the man saluted, and said: "He bit me, General."

"That's right. If they attack you, kill them," was the reply; and, turning to me and dropping an eyelid, he remarked, "I knew those animals would hurt some of my men if they were not careful," and rode on.

I have always believed that "Old Billy" had some of that shoat for his supper that night.—C. C. Clarke, in *Harper's Weekly*.

DOUBLY SOLD

The newly appointed master at a school in Wigan had learned all about "cribbing" and such little dodges as schoolboys practise, and had not forgotten them.

One day, during a lesson in history, he observed one of his pupils take out his watch every minute or two.

He grew suspicious.

Finally, he strode slowly between the desks and stopped in front of the boy.

"Let me see your watch!" he commanded.

"Yes, sir," was the meek reply.

The master opened the front of the case. He looked somewhat sheepish when he read the single word, "Sold!"

But he was a shrewd man. He was not to be thrown off the scent so easily.

He opened the back of the case. Then he was satisfied, for he read, "Sold again!"—*Smith's Weekly*.

IRATE FATHER (to son): It's astonishing, George, how much money you need!

SON: I don't need any, father; it's the other people who need it.—Translated for *Transatlantic Tales* from *Fliegende Blätter*.

HE HAD THE COUNTERSIGN

Lieutenant-Colonel Thurston, when guard inspector at the New York camp at Peekskill, approached one night a German sentry, who simply looked at him and marched on.

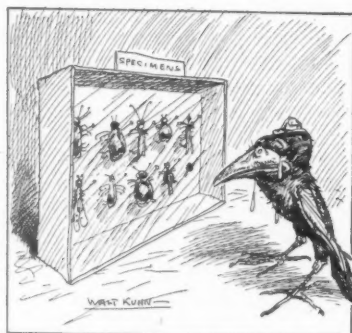
"Well?" inquired the Colonel, intending to remind the man of his duty.

"Vell, vell! Vot iss it?"

"Don't you want the countersign?"

"No, dot's all right. Der feller in der guard's tent give it to me. I got it."—*Army and Navy Life*.

The old label was "Raspberry Jam"; but now it reads, "Compound Apple Jelly, Raspberry Flavor." Another old label was "Vermont Maple Sirup"; but now it reads, "Vermont Sirup, made from choicest maple and cane-sugar mixture." It's a new year and a new era in commercial honesty.—*Springfield Republican*.



Hungry Bird: SOME PEOPLE ARE SO RICH THAT THEY HAVE MORE THAN THEY CAN EAT!

NEW SPEEDOMETER

(Extract from a lady's letter)

"We must have been traveling very fast; for in the morning all the people were swearing at us in German, and early in the afternoon they began to swear at us in Italian."—Translated from *Simplicissimus* for *The Literary Digest*.

SELF-DISTRUST

"Did you enjoy the concert?" asked the artistic young woman.

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "I enjoyed it. But I was afraid to say so for fear mother and the girls would reprove the performers for playing that sort of music."—*Washington Star*.

THE FATE OF THE REALIST

George Moore, the *doyen* of the Irish realistic novelists, has a rather curious manner of speaking; every now and then his words burst out of him in violent exclamations.

He set out with the young artists, Will Rothenstein and Walter Sickert, to see the pictures in the Dulwich Gallery. They rode on a street-car through dismal mile after dismal mile of London suburb, growing very gloomy.

Then Rothenstein said, "We're going through Peckham now." "Peckham?" cried George Moore. "We must get down and look at Peckham! I've written a story about Peckham!"

They got down and looked at Peckham; they walked along dismal streets; and the air of George Moore grew more and more harassed. At last he cried, "I do not see that haystack and that field! There was a haystack and a field in my story! Where are they?"

They walked along more dismal streets, and at last they came upon a policeman.

George Moore stopped and said to him, "Could you kindly tell me where I can find a haystack and a field?"

"There aren't no 'aystack nor no field in Peckham," said the policeman.

"But there must be a haystack and a field in Peckham!" cried George Moore.

The policeman shook his head stolidly.

George Moore tottered on a few steps with a broken air, then threw up his arms to the skies and cried in a tone of anguish:

"That is the fate of the realist! He writes a story about a haystack and a field in Peckham and there aren't any there!" —*Saturday Evening Post*.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Mrs. Hollingsworth Andrews, of Philadelphia, is one of the best whist-players in America. At the end of a discussion on gambling, she said the other day:

"Never play for a stake if you have children, and never say to your partner in any case at the end of the game, 'If you had done this or that the outcome would have been different.' Whenever I have a partner of the 'if you had' kind I think of the great Cavendish.

"When a partner said to him, 'If you had done so-and-so, we'd have made so-and-so,' he always replied:

"'Did you ever hear the story of your uncle and your aunt?'"

"If the player had heard it he would at once become silent, not wishing to hear it again. If he had not heard it he would pause in his post mortem of the game and say:

"'No. Tell it to me.'"

"Then Cavendish would frown and say in a solemn voice:

"'If your aunt had been a man she would have been your uncle.'"—*Washington Star*.

A WASHINGTON man on a recent visit to a benighted section of a Southwestern State was riding along the banks of the river that waters that section, and although he had gone some twenty miles or so, he had not in all that distance noticed a single fisherman. Meeting a man lounging near the stream, he asked:

"Why doesn't some one fish in this river?"

"Ain't no fish," was the laconic response of the native.

"No fish in such a beautiful river as this!" exclaimed the astonished Washingtonian. "Why not?"

The native lazily shifted his position and answered:

"Stranger, ef you could git outer this country as easy as a fish can, do you reckon you'd be here?"—*Argonaut*.

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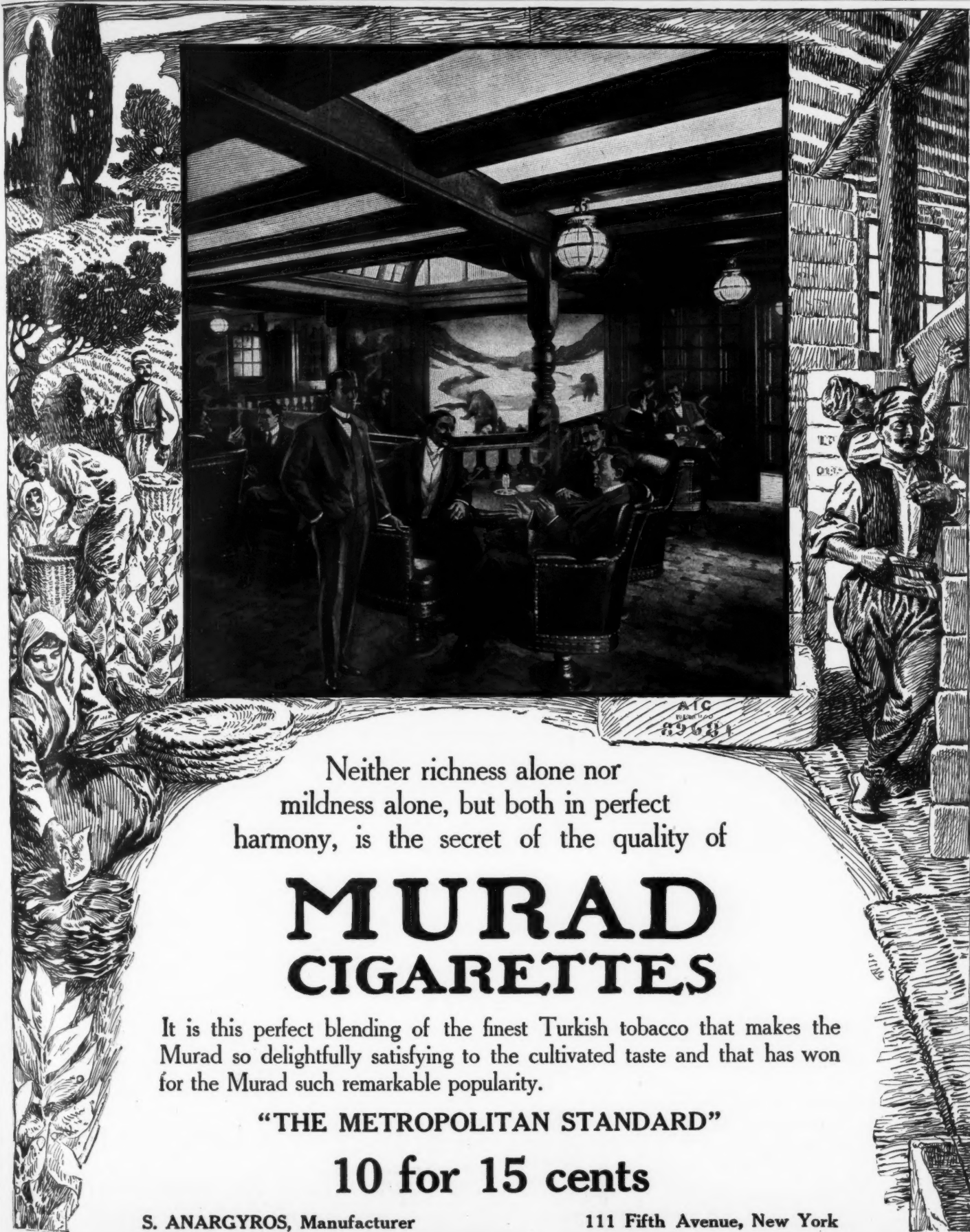
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NOT FOR HIS

A prominent lawyer, who formerly practised at the bar of Kansas City, tells of a funny incident in a court there during a trial in which a certain young doctor was called as a witness.

Counsel for the other side, in cross-examining the youthful medico, gave utterance to several sarcastic remarks tending to throw doubt upon the ability of so young a man.

One of the questions was: "You are entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"I am."

"Then," continued the cross-examiner, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Taylor, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Your learned friend, Mr. Taylor, might," suggested the young physician.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Infant and Adult

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EX-CONGRESSMAN JOHN S. WISE, formerly of Virginia, now of New York, is a warm personal friend of President Roosevelt. Being in Washington a few days ago he visited the White House, and was promptly accorded an interview. In the course of the conversation the President is said to have remarked:

"Now, John, you are a very observing man, and know pretty near what is going on. Tell me what the people seem to think of my administration?"

"Oh, Mr. President," Mr. Wise replied, "the opinion seems to be that you will go down to posterity with Washington."

"I am delighted to hear that," the President is said to have answered interruptingly, as he grasped Mr. Wise's hand and shook it heartily. But as he released his hold, Mr. Wise continued:

"But whether it will be with George or Booker T., I am not prepared to say."—*Argonaut*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

A DISAPPOINTMENT

"When I was in Howard Chandler Christy's illustrating class at the Cooper Institute," said a young grocer, "Mr. Christy told us that it paid to make ultrafashionable pictures, though sometimes such work had its disadvantages.

"He said that in the days before he had 'arrived,' he had done some things once in a New York exhibition—some rejected magazine offerings that he hoped to get a few dollars for.

"They were fashion pictures, the same kind he does now, and one day, as he was lounging near them, he saw a well-dressed woman stop and level her lorgnette. Then, to his delight, she said:

"Ah, if I only knew this artist personally!"

Mr. Christy came forward.

"Permit me, madam," he said, "to introduce myself as the artist."

"What luck!" the woman exclaimed. "Now you'll tell me, won't you, the name of the dressmaker who made that tall girl's frock?"—*Washington Star*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"AND shall you carry out your plan of visiting Blue Grotto at Capri this year, Frau Lammer?"

"Alas, no, Frau Spits; we are in mourning this summer, so we are going to the Black Forest."—*Figaro*.

It is rather unfortunate that our old friend Santa Claus goes into hiding just as the bills begin to come in.—*Washington Star*.

THOMAS C. DAWSON, the United States Minister to Santo Domingo, walked into the office of Assistant Secretary of State Bacon to confer about matters relating to the island republic.

"I wish to congratulate you on your promotion," said Mr. Bacon to the minister.

"What promotion?" asked Mr. Dawson.

"You were to-day promoted to be Minister to Colombia," replied Assistant Secretary Bacon.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the surprised diplomat.—*Argonaut*.

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DR. PARKHURST told the other day a story about a famous bishop.

"The bishop," he said, "likes a good cigar, and was traveling to Albany in the smoking-car.

"A laboring man took the seat beside him, eyed his clerical garb, got a light from him, and said, as he settled back for a comfortable smoke:

"Parson, sir?"

"The bishop hesitated. Then he answered blandly:

"I was once."

"Ah," said the laboring man, "drink, I suppose?"—*Washington Star*.

"ARE you related to the bride or groom-elect?" inquired the busy usher.

"No."

"Then what interest have you in the ceremony?"

"I'm the defeated candidate."—*Courier-Journal*.

FLO (*chatting with small stranger*): Your teacher is a charming young lady. I suppose you love her very much?

BILLY: Steady, steady! D' you think I am going to tell you all about my love affairs?—*Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*.

Using His Friends

WHEN Thomas A. Edison was living in Menlo Park, a visitor from New York said to him one day:

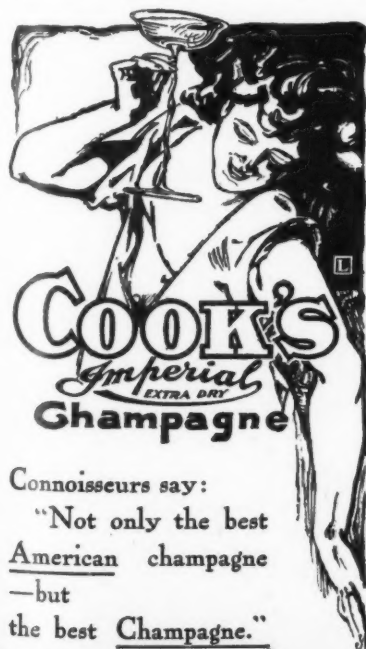
"By the way, your front gate needs repairing. It was all I could do to get it open. You ought to have it trimmed, or greased, or something."

Mr. Edison laughed.

"Oh, no," he said. "Oh, no."

"Why not?" asked the visitor.

"Because," was the reply, "every one who comes through that gate pumps two buckets of water into the tank on the roof."—*Washington Star*.



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IT IS perhaps difficult for us who live in a republic to understand fully the consternation caused in Germany by the publication of the Hohenlohe Memoirs.

The book has just been published in English by Macmillan, in two large volumes. It contains a number of typographical errors, due to the extraordinary haste with which it was published. This, however, does not detract from its value as a monumental historical work, to be read by the student of history, and to become a part of the historical story of the making of the German Empire.

Prince Chlodwig held a prominent position in German affairs for fifty years. His limitations were in many respects startling. One cannot help but be impressed with his opportunities for greatness and how he missed them. He is, indeed, a pigmy figure beside Bismarck, the man of the people.

The following extracts from the book are taken at random and will serve to show the character of the Prince's observations:

Thoroughness is the only means by which to preserve integrity of character.

Intellectual occupation can alone make a man happy. All else is but a subordinate matter, though beneficial as a relaxation.

One sees a prince of the empire settled in his castle, getting married, hunting, signing decrees, and thinking what a hero he is; yet, however happy he may be in his married life, he feels a certain inward dissatisfaction which he cannot explain and which embitters his days; this is the want of some definite object, the incapacity for taking an active share in the higher interests of humanity—in short, the voice of conscience, which he does not, cannot or will not understand.

It seems as though God never permitted civilization to reach its climax, lest the poor earthworms become too arrogant.

The older I grow, the further recedes the ideal life. Man must create, and work, and reasonable beings feel that in their work lies the source of happiness, and therefore I am thirsting for work, because, whatever we do, we are always striving to be happy.

No people is so much the slave of its manners and customs as the English, and this sheeplike imitation of each other is seen at its best in Hyde Park.

It was the same room in which the Queen [Victoria] had received us in the morning; there was a crimson and gold carpet, and Empire furniture upholstered with the same colors; a marble mantelpiece, and a large table in the center of the room. Two windows looked onto the garden; a well-kept little park with wonderful trees and green lawns, and looking most fresh and peaceful in the setting sun. While I was enjoying the prospect, Prince Ernst Leiningen came in, whom I had not seen for ten years. He is in the British Navy, and wore a great many medals, which he had from the Crimean War. After him sidles in King Leopold, of Belgium, with his foxy old face, and with him his second son, the Count of Flanders, a tall, fair, dull youth. Prince Albert came in soon afterward, and greeted me in his usual friendly way.

The Queen talked to the company. She spoke in a very sympathetic, unaffected and natural way to me (quite unlike the apathetic chatter of Continental sovereigns) and inquired after all my family, showing her kindness of heart, of which I had heard so much.

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... I found the Prince [Adelbert] before a heap of twelve sausages with much bread and a lot of beer. He ate all the twelve sausages! It made me quite faint to see him.

The Sultan has a *blase* and skeptical but friendly, appearance, and a great idea of his own importance.

It is my experience that men with passionate dispositions are those who become old the soonest, whilst calm natures use up their outer envelope the least and are therefore well preserved.

At eleven o'clock Bismarck arrived. We smoked and drank beer and Maitrank. By and by Bismarck reached the stage of anecdotes. He treats every one with a certain arrogance.

THE book output of the past twelvemonth was more notable for its list of appalling length of mediocre new volumes than for its high literary quality, says the *Argonaut*. More new books were published in 1906, probably, than in any year since the invention of the printing-press, but few were of pronounced merit. Among the serious works that will continue to have readers are Winston Churchill's life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill; Lord Rosebery's volume on the same statesman, Frederick Harrison's "Memories and Thoughts," Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore's "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," Frederick Trevor Hill's "Lincoln, the Lawyer," A. V. Williams Jackson's "Persia, Past and Present," and the Hohenlohe Memoirs. James Ford Rhodes's seven-volume history of the United States was completed during the year, and John Bach McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" reached its sixth volume. Historical books of value by Southern writers are John W. Headley's "Confederate Operations in New York and Canada," Myrta Lockett Avery's "Dixie, After the War," and "Memoirs of John H. Reagan." Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth" was the most widely read and discussed of the year's novels; other entertaining stories by American novelists were Booth Tarkington's "The Conquest of Canaan," Winston Churchill's "Coniston," Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore," Robert W. Chambers's "The Fighting Chance," F. Hopkinson Smith's "The Tides of Barnegat," and Thomas Nelson Page's "On Newfound River." Kipling, Hope, Hichens and Mrs. Humphrey Ward contributed books of more than passing interest to the flood of fiction, and, of all the volumes by the newer English authors, E. V. Lucas's choice books have been eagerly sought by discriminating buyers. A number of books by Californians were among the most popular of the year, among them "The Plow Woman," by Eleanor Gates; "Rich Men's Children," by Geraldine Bonner; "White Fang," by Jack London; "Whispering Smith," by Frank Spearman; "Anthony Overman," by Miriam Michelson; "Montlivet," by Alice Prescott Smith; "The Flock," by Mary Austin, and "Reminiscences of a Sportsman," by J. Parker Whitney. Clever and interesting as these books are, a little brochure by Will Irwin, "The City That Was," may continue to have readers when they shall have been long forgotten.

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The Disillusionment of Lafcadio Hearn

L AFCADIO HEARN, we gather from *Current Literature* for January, was ever pursuing the vision of a mystic dream. He followed it to all lands, even to the mystic East. But in the lone-some latter years disillusionment was his share. Even Japan lost its witchery. He married a Japanese wife, became the father of four children, converted himself into a subject of the Mikado, inspired Japanese youth through his lectures and writings, sent back marvelous books to the world he had left, and yet—he was not happy, his dream was not realized! The saddest element in his letters is that of increasing disillusionment. He lived among the Japanese, and had their respect and affection; but, after all, he could never forget that he was a stranger in a strange land. At times he was very lonely—he confesses it, and tells of days and weeks when he saw no living being outside of his own household. He worked intensely, but his labors brought him pain, as well as joy. Worst of all, there came upon him overwhelmingly, at the last, the consciousness that the Japan he had loved and sought was fading away, and that in its place would grow “civilization”—the very thing he had traveled ten thousand miles to escape. And so he came to write:

“For no little time these fairy folk can give you all the softness of sleep. But sooner or later, if you dwell among them, your contentment will prove to have much in common with the happiness of dreams. You will never forget the dream—never; but it will lift at last, like those vapors of spring which lend preternatural loveliness to a Japanese landscape in the forenoon of radiant days. Really, you are happy because you have entered bodily into Fairyland, into a world that is not, and never could be, your own. . . . That is the secret of the strangeness and beauty of things, the secret of the thrill they give. . . . The tide of time has turned for you! But remember that here all is enchantment, that you have fallen under the spell of the dead, that the lights and the colors and the voices must fade away at last into emptiness and silence.”

Lafcadio Hearn died a disappointed man. His mystic dream lost its luster, like a flower in the wind. He realized that the archaic romance he had striven to cherish could not endure in the twentieth century. He felt that the world at large was soon to pass under the iron heel of a Socialism which, with Herbert Spencer, he interpreted as “a coming slavery.” More than once, in the latter days, he voiced a sense of failure, and spoke of the desolation of lives haunted by “the impossible ideal.” And yet, he said, the eternal quest must go on. A man may find that he has been cheated out of his youth and life, but he must not give up. “The hair of Lilith—just one—has been twisted around his heart—an ever-tightening fine line of gold. And he sees her smile just ere he passes into the eternal darkness.”

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To see oursel's as others see us!—Burns.
 2. When lovely woman stoops to folly.—Goldsmith.
 3. God helps them that help themselves.—Benjamin Franklin.
 4. Knowledge is power.—Lord Bacon.
 5. In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us.—de Rochefoucauld.
 6. Those who dance must pay the piper.—Old Proverb.
 7. For if she will, she will, you may depend on't; And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.—Aaron Hill.
 8. None but the brave deserves the fair.—Dryden.
 9. But ne'er the rose without the thorn.—Herrick.
 10. But there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.—Moore.
 11. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.—Pope.
 12. In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.—Tennyson.

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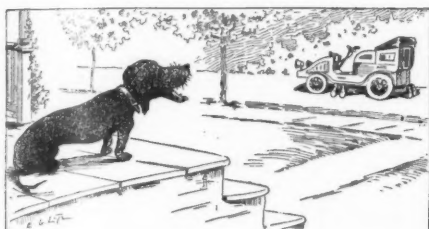
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BOOKS RECEIVED

Who's Who, 1907. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.)

The World Almanac, 1907. (Press Publishing Company.
25 cents.)

The Mystery, by Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins
Adams. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

Kate, A Comedy, by Bronson Howard. (Harper & Brothers.)

The Malefactor, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown
and Company. \$1.50.)

Costume, by Mrs. Aria. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.)

Poetry and Rot, by John Edward Hazzard. (G. F. Rammels-
burg.)

Songs of East and West, by Walter Malone. (J. P. Morton and
Company.)

Four Aspects of Civil Duty, by William Howard Taft. (Charles
Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

The Bridge Blue Book, by Paul F. Mottelay. (Charles Scrib-
ner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Hiawatha, by Henry W. Longfellow. (The Bobbs-Merrill
Company.)

The Privateers, by H. B. M. Watson. (Doubleday, Page and
Company. \$1.50.)

General Lee, 1861-1865, by W. H. Taylor. (Nusbaum Book
Company. \$2.00.)

Twenty Years in Paris, by R. H. Sherrard. (Jacobs.)

The Auto Guest Book of Mobile Maxims, by Ethel Grant and
R. B. Glaesner. (Paul Elder and Company.)

Shelburne Essays, by Paul E. More. (G. P. Putnam's
Sons.)

Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schillingfuerst.
(The Macmillan Company.)

On the Great American Plateau, by T. Mitchell Prudden. (G.
P. Putnam's Sons.)

Romance of the Italian Villas, by Elizabeth W. Chambers.
(G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen, by F. W. Maitland.
(G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Adam's Sons, by Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Learned. (Sparrel Com-
pany, Boston.)

History of the Inquisition of Spain, Vol. III, by H. C. Lea.
(The Macmillan Company.)

The Sovereign Remedy, by Flora Annie Steele. (Doubleday,
Page and Company. \$1.50.)

Bettina, by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page and
Company. \$1.25.)

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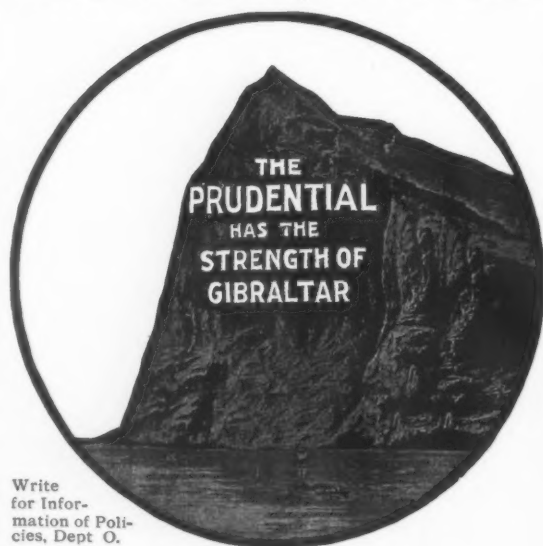
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ASSETS, over	127 Million Dollars
LIABILITIES (including Reserve over \$103,000,000), nearly	107 Million Dollars
CAPITAL STOCK	2 Million Dollars
SURPLUS (largely for ultimate payment of dividends to Policyholders), over	18 Million Dollars
INCREASE IN ASSETS, nearly	20 Million Dollars
PAID POLICYHOLDERS DURING 1906, over	16 Million Dollars
INCREASE IN AMOUNT PAID POLICYHOLDERS 1906 over 1905, over	2 Million Dollars
TOTAL PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS to Dec. 31, 1906, over	123 Million Dollars
CASH DIVIDENDS AND OTHER CONCESSIONS Not Stipulated in Original	
Contracts and Voluntarily Given to Holders of Old Policies to Date, nearly	7½ Million Dollars
LOANS TO POLICYHOLDERS ON SECURITY OF THEIR POLICIES, nearly	5 Million Dollars
NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, nearly	7 Millions
NET INCREASE IN INSURANCE IN FORCE, over	82 Million Dollars

**Bringing Total Amount of Insurance in Force to Over
One Billion, Two Hundred and Fifty Million Dollars**



The Year's Record Shows:

Efficient Economical Administration. Increased Payments to Policyholders for Death Claims and Dividends. Large Saving in Expenses. Lower Expense Rate than Ever Before. Reduction of Expense Rate in Industrial Department nearly 3½% of Premium Income. Favorable Mortality Experience. The business operations of The Prudential are confined to the United States and strictly limited to selected lives.

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